

Latin School Register

The Value of School Football

The Shadow of the Hun

The Letter

High School of Commerce

vs. Boston Latin

NOVEMBER

1919

Advertisements

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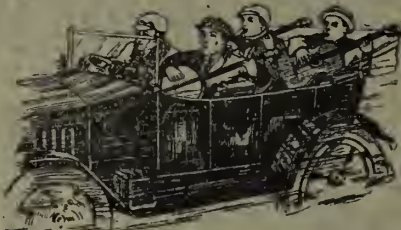
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The Latin School Register

NOVEMBER, 1919

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Latin School Register

NOVEMBER, 1919

The Value of School Football

By Coach O'Brien

OF ALL forms of sport enjoyed by schoolboys football provides the best physical, mental, and moral reaction. The playing season, the crisp, invigorating Autumn, calls forth the pent-up energy of the active boy, and gives him excellent opportunity, through football, to give expression to his instinct for battling and conquering.

In its purely physical phase football seems best suited for the sturdy boy, for it requires endurance and ability to stand hard knocks. As a result, only a limited group have the advantage of the rugged game.

The physical value of the game is obvious. The opportunity for mental exercise is exceptional in that the contest calls for accurate judgment and quick choice in action. This develops co-ordination of mind and body remarkably, and in a way prepares the boy to act in the emergencies of the wider field of life. This co-ordination is, of course, physical control. The higher self-control, which is the body and mind acting under restraint of the will is the end to be sought. Herein lies the chief value of football.

The opportunity for the right choice—the honorable choice—in preference to the opposite, especially when one is under high tension with short time in

which to choose, is present frequently during the course of a football match. By making the right choice repeatedly one gradually forms an excellent habit.

Self-sacrifice, as illustrated in teamwork, helping one member achieve what seems a brilliant feat, is a marked element of football. Does the spectator ever stop to wonder if the remaining members of a team, who made possible the feat, envy the acclaimed hero? Look at them for your answer. Their evident satisfaction is proof that the individuals have no thought of self. Their team has made that score.

Every boy possible should try to play this distinctively American game. If he is only moderately sturdy the boy should indulge only moderately, gradually accommodating the game to his increasing strength, until finally he is a full-fledged candidate for the school team. He will have good fun while developing his body, and learning how to "carry on" despite hard knocks and reverses. He learns how to be a graceful loser, getting a lesson from his defeat, and to be a generous, gracious victor. He will learn self-control, and develop the spirit of working in harmony with others for a common purpose. He will become a more fearless, resourceful young American.

The Shadow of the Hun

A STORY OF THE GERMAN SPY SYSTEM

By F. W. Saunders

III

An hour later Weston entered the dining room. Von Blenheimer was waiting for him.

"Do you feel better, Ekton?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

The meal was cooked to perfection and both men ate heartily. After coffee had been served and the men were smoking their cigars, Von Blenheimer broke the silence that had prevailed throughout the meal.

"Well, have you the final instructions from Berlin?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Of course you have been made acquainted with your duties here. You shall be second in command, and my right hand man. Now, let us have the latest from the Wilhelmstrasse."

"Operations must begin one month earlier than previously planned."

Von Blenheimer chuckled. "They can begin at once."

"But it is not yet time."

"True, but when the time does come,—that glorious day when the loyal sons of the Fatherland will rise and overthrow the accursed Yankee Pigs,—it will be easy. Beneath us is a vast arsenal. It is cut down deep into the hill. There are enough rifles and ammunition to equip one hundred thousand men, and likewise a great supply of machine guns. There are fifteen 16-in. guns of the latest type—the kind that reduced the forts of Belgium to scrap iron. And besides these there are numerous cannon, ranging from 3 to 10 inches, also four bombing and two scout aeroplanes that can be assembled over night. In my garage

are four swift Mercedes capable of making 100 miles an hour, to say nothing of scores of motorcycles. For ten years," Von Blenheimer added proudly, "we have been preparing for this."

"But where do you intend to mount the heavy cannon?" questioned Weston.

Once more the same evil smile lighted Von Blenheimer's face. "Oh, that will be simple. Did you notice, as you entered the park, small pergolas scattered here and there?"

Weston nodded.

"The floor of each pergola is a concrete gun mounting, and if ever you should take the trouble to count them, you would find that they were fifteen in number." Von Blenheimer rose. "Come with me to my office and I will explain my plans to you on the map."

The two men left the room and proceeded down the hall to Von Blenheimer's office. On the walls of the office were numerous maps and charts. On one wall was an immense flag of the Fatherland. There were two desks and several chairs and the usual filing cabinets. Von Blenheimer strode excitedly over to the wall where a great map of Southern California was spread out.

"Look!" he almost shouted. "See, here it is in a nut-shell! There is Los Angeles in the center. Here we are northwest of it. To the south is San Pedro on the coast with its breakwater, fort and harbor large enough to shelter an entire fleet. One week from today a certain Lodge will hold its annual reunion in Los Angeles. A benefit picnic will be held in the next canyon. Every man is a German reservist. He has

seen at least four years in the army at home. We will equip them, you and I." Here the eyes of Von Blenheimer flashed fire. "We will seize the rail stations and yards in Los Angeles, cut the telegraph wires and seize the wireless stations. My big guns will batter the fort at San Pedro to pieces. We have the exact range and it would mean only a matter of hours until it would be reduced to nothing. We will hold the mountain passes to the east and north of Los Angeles, a fleet of U-boats will bring engineers and officers. There is plenty of good fuel and rail equipment in and about Los Angeles. A line of trenches to the south and the Pacific Ocean on the west will completely cut us off from the rest of the world." He turned to Weston. "You see it is a simple matter. It is necessary only for me to raise my hand and the grim torch of war will turn the land of sunshine into a second Belgium."

Weston could hardly suppress a shudder, but he said lightly to Von Blenheimer, "Excellent, it will be a master stroke."

All that afternoon details were discussed and plans formed. The work went on after supper and the two men worked late into the night preparing for that great day only a short week away. At twelve, Weston stopped. He was very tired. The ever waiting Franz conducted him to his room and then returned to Von Blenheimer.

IV

"Well, Franz," said Von Blenheimer dropping down into an easy chair, "what do you think of the Wilhelmstrasse's new man?"

Franz came closer. "Are you sure that he has come from the Wilhelmstrasse?"

"The devil!" shouted Von Blenheimer straightening up and gripping the arms

of his chair, "What makes you think he has not?"

"Soft, not so loud," cautioned Franz, putting up a warning hand.

"But why do you think so?" questioned Von Blenheimer again in a more subdued voice.

"I once saw Ekton in Berlin and this man although resembling him somewhat has not the same characteristics."

"Are you positive?"

"No, not quite, it was some years ago, but you could make sure. Why not wire the head office in New York for Ekton's picture?"

"That is an excellent idea, Franz," replied Von Blenheimer rising, "we will send them a wireless at once. Six days from now we will have the picture."

The next morning after breakfast Von Blenheimer took Weston around the grounds. "You see the high wall that surrounds the entire place," Von Blenheimer commented.

Weston nodded.

"Inside that wall," Von Blenheimer continued, "is a narrow passage with machine guns at intervals. They can sweep the surrounding country at any angle."

All that day Von Blenheimer and Weston worked on the plans for the great day and far into the night. When the clock struck twelve, Weston announced his intention of retiring. Franz conducted him to his room as before and then returned to Von Blenheimer. This time, instead of undressing, Weston merely took off his shoes and turned out the light. Then he opened the door softly and looked cautiously out. There was a dim light in the hall and no one in sight. It was a good opportunity to look over the house, Weston told himself. He crept noiselessly along the hall step by step. Suddenly he heard a

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The Editors' Page

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 2.

NOVEMBER, 1919.

ISSUED MONTHLY

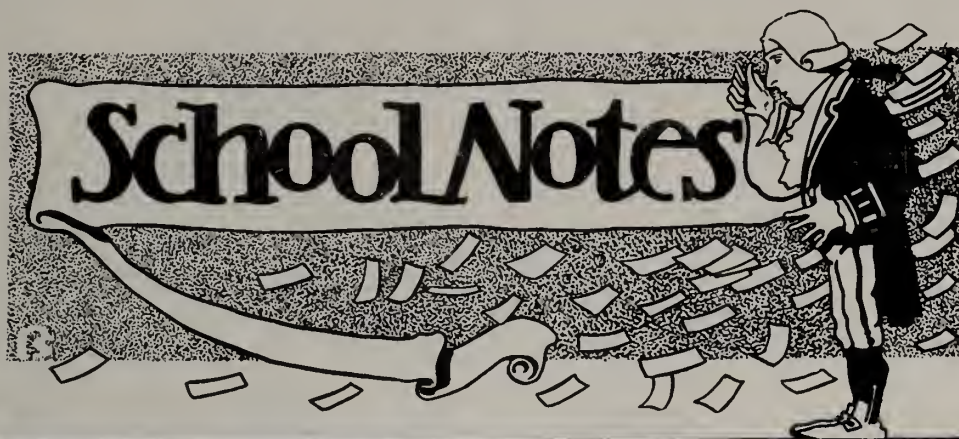
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WHITING.....	

MORE PEP!

MORE noise, Latin, more noise! Your noise is needed. The greatest game of the year is at hand, English vs. Latin. Will you be there? If not, why not? The team has been working hard all season, but it needs backing. The school can give the team this backing by making a racket. Burst a lung. Qu'importe? It is very nice when everything is going lovely, when the backs are ripping and slashing all before them, when the line is making Stonewall Jackson's corps looking like has-beens; but when the enemy is making a few yards, and sort of shoving our steam roller backwards, that's the time to cut loose and show that your lungs are plated with brass and lined with zinc. By the gods of Mount Olympus, yell, Latin, yell! When the team is fighting on its own ten-yard line, that's the time to cheer and encourage them. Put a cheer or two into their bones that will make them shiver with delight. Let them know that you are behind them. Don't look wooden, sound hollow. Throw a fit and make a noise! You know, Latin, the steam calliope effect. This is a good chance for some of the school's orators to let off oodles of hot air,

Every one can make arrangements not to miss the game. It always has been and always will be worth seeing. It is the personification of grit and red-blooded pep. We can't all play, but we can make up for it slightly by making a racket. When the cheer-leader starts a song, don't fade and die out like a bellows organ with the boy tending it gone to sleep. Learn the songs, and sing them, yell them, but be sure you are making a noise the while. It doesn't matter if you are singing or not; just turn your lungs inside out. There are more fellows in English, but show them that we can make up for it. Put pep and feeling behind your voice. Stamp, radiate sound! Let your cheers sweep across the field like thunderbolts! Let the team feel that you are pushing them across the line! Forget yourself for once! Here is a place you can yell without restraint. There won't be a teacher around to tell you to pipe down. You can feel free to warm up. You can let off enough steam to last a month. Get behind the cheer-leaders. Don't make them feel foolish by leading a bunch that can't get up enough enthusiasm to blow off the safety valve. You can yell and make a noise if you want to.

(Continued on page 20)



DON'T you think, boys, that it is worth while for us to go up in the hall once in a while, and hear inspiring talks on current matters of interest to every thinking boy in this country, given by prominent, public-spirited men who know their subject thoroughly, and can teach it to us, too? Those of us who were at this school last year, remember with joy the long list of speakers who talked to us then. If our first talk can be taken as a sample of what is to come this year, we know that the time spent in the hall will be even more beneficial than ever before, for on Monday, October 20, Judge Murray gave us a vivid impression of the magnificent qualities displayed by Mr. Roosevelt, during his lifetime of work. Let us learn his attributes, and try to be more like him, for what this fair land of ours needs every day, everywhere, in its struggle against internal discontent and Bolshevism, for one leads to the other, is more men like Roosevelt, who will stand first, last, and always for the right, which is law and order.

* * *

Victor M. Hetherston, B. L. S. '14, is teaching Latin at the Power Point School, Duxbury.

The vacancy in the position of pianist caused by the graduation of Gerofski last year is being filled by a number of boys: King, Bunker, Hamburg, Whiting, Beverage, Liner and Levy. King and Bunker do especially well.

* * *

For the college year 1918-1919, Gold Medals were awarded at Boston College to the following former Latin School scholars: George Kearns '18, Albert Chapman '18, Daniel McSweeney '18.

* * *

R. E. Larsen, B. L. S. '17, has been elected Secretary-Treasurer of the Harvard Crimson from the class of '21.

* * *

R. E. Tracey, E. P. Davis, Robert Grant Jr., and P. S. Dalton, all former Latin School boys, were members of the committee which investigated the needs of Harvard University, and instituted the campaign for the \$15,250,000 endowment fund.

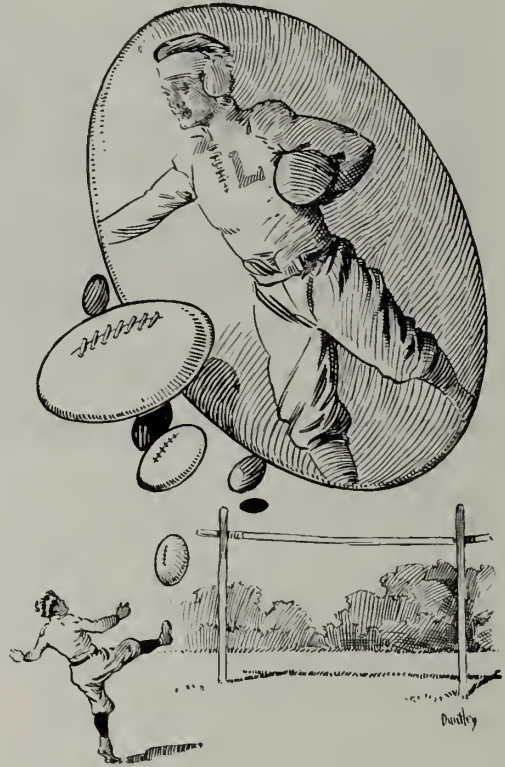
* * *

We are glad to hear that Col. Logan, a Latin School graduate, has been elected president of the Mass. branch of the American Legion.

* * *

(Continued on page 19)

Football News and Notes



SPORTS

Every Latin School boy ought to be asking himself at this time, "What can I do to help the team win?" "If I am not physically fit to make the team, I can, by attending each game and by adding my voice to the cheering, offer encouragement to those of my school-mates who are giving their time, and sacrificing their own pleasures by giving up their afternoons every day of the week to football practice, in the hope that when the season is closed, victory will perch on the banner of the 'Purple and White'." Let every boy come out and do his bit! Encouragement offered at the right time and in the right way has often made victory possible when defeat seemed inevitable.

The progress of the team has been somewhat retarded on account of the large number of candidates for each

position. At the present time there are four elevens practising every afternoon at the Strandway playgrounds.

Coach O'Brien is determined to give every candidate a chance to prove his right to be a member of the first team; for that reason, in the games so far played, substitutes have come thick and fast. After the sifting process is completed, we may be sure that the team which meets English High School on Thanksgiving Day will be made up of those players who have by their playing in the preliminary games earned the right to represent Latin School.

ST. MARK'S 0

LATIN 9

On October 3 Latin's football team journeyed to Southboro to play the strong St. Mark's team. Our team was victorious by the score of 9 to 0. A drop kick by Malley in the first half scored 3

points. Campbell scored a touchdown in the second half, after a run of twenty yards through a broken field. The teams were evenly matched, though Latin had somewhat the better of the argument. Mann and Coolidge excelled for our opponents, while Johnstone, Phinney, and Campbell played a fine game for us. Latin School played a much better game than was expected at that time of the season. The lineup—

ST. MARK'S

STODDART r. e. l. e. J. Doherty
CURTIS r. t. l. t. McMillan, Stuart
GREW r. g. l. g. Donovan
PELL c. c. Cleary
MANDALL l. g. r. g. Berman, Kelley
THEOPHID, SEARS l. t. r. t. Phinney
DERHAM, JACOB l. e. r. e. Malley, Ryan
JACKSON q. b. q. b. Samuels, Campbell
MANN r. h. b. l. h. b. Johnstone
CAULKINS, l. h. b. r. h. b. Hurley
COOLIDGE f. b. f. b. R. Doherty
Score—Boston Latin 9, St. Mark's 0.
Touchdown—Campbell. Goal from
Field—Malley. Umpire—Fletcher.
Referee—Hallahan. Head linesman—
Baldy. Time—8 m. periods.

* * *

As a result of a very unfortunate incident, Kiley has resigned the captaincy and may be a loss to the football team for some time. In the past, he has been so valued a member of both the baseball and football teams, that we deeply regret his loss and hope that before the season is over he will be reinstated.

As a result of his resignation, the first team was called together October 7, to elect a new leader. Ellis was unanimously elected Captain. His ability as a player is so well known that there is no question but that he will show successful leadership.

Last year, for a time, Ellis attended another high school and for that reason,

when he later returned to the Latin school, he was declared ineligible to represent the school. His brilliant playing on the 1917 team is well remembered by all of us who attended the games that year, and that, if no other reason, made him the logical choice for captain.

* * *

HYDE PARK 7

LATIN 13

As a mid-week attraction, on October 8, Latin took on the Hyde Park School eleven. Though Latin won by the score of 13 to 7, the outcome was very unsatisfactory. Admitting that Hyde Park put on the field one of the best elevens it has had for many years, Latin should have run up a larger score.

While we do not wish to detract from the playing of the Hyde Park team, we must admit the failure of our team to run up a larger score was due to the shortcomings of its own players. Overconfidence may have played a conspicuous part in the showing of the team. This experience may prove to be just the tonic the team needs to bring out in the games yet to be played, the kind of football which our coach has taught the team. Ellis did not get into the game as he was recently injured and Coach O'Brien was unwilling to risk further injury. Johnstone scored both touchdowns from one of which Malley kicked a goal. Horan scored the touchdown for Hyde Park. Capt. Hussey of Hyde Park was the most conspicuous player of Hyde Park, while Phinney of Latin continued to play an excellent game at tackle. Johnstone and Weiner also played well for Latin. The summary:—

HYDE PARK

LATIN

BLAMPED r. e. l. e. J. Doherty
LOUGHLIN, ALLEN r. t.
l. t. McMillan, Kelley, Scheffreen

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Fryberg r. g.
 l. g. Donovan, Hill, Mutrie, Hailparn
 Yule c. c. Cleary
 Dray l. g. r. g. Berman, Stuart, Phinney
 Cavanaugh l. t. r. t. Phinney
 Cannon l. e. r. e. Malley, O'Neil
 Taylor q. b. ... q. b. Campbell, Samuels
 Hussey r. h. b. l. h. b. Johnstone
 Horan l. h. b. ... r. h. b. Hurley, Weiner
 Elliott f. b. ... f. b. R. Doherty, Samuels

Score—Boston Latin 13, Hyde Park
 7. Touchdowns—Johnstone 2, Horan.
 Goals from touchdowns—Hussey, Mal-
 ley. Referee—Ross. Umpire—Redding.
 Head Linesman—Staples. Time—8 m.
 periods.

* * *

B. C. H. 9.

B. L. S. 3.

On Columbus Day the teams repre-
 senting Boston College High School and
 Boston Latin School met at Fenway
 Park for their annual game. The out-
 come was a defeat for our team by the
 score of 9 to 3.

Through the first three periods, the
 playing of our team was listless. Fum-
 bling by both teams was in evidence
 though, in the case of Latin, it proved
 the more costly. A fumbled punt in
 the last few minutes of the game, on the
 part of one of Latin's players, gave B.
 C. H. the chance to change what every-
 one conceded would be a drawn game, to
 a victory.

Latin kicked off to B. C. H. B. C.
 High's attempt to punt was blocked but
 the ball was recovered by one of its own
 players. A fumble followed and it was
 Latin's ball. A forward pass from R.
 Doherty to Malley gained 30 yards,
 putting the ball in play on B. C. High's
 10-yard line. After two attempts to
 gain had failed, Malley dropped back
 and from the 18-yard line booted the
 ball over the bars for the first score.

B. C. High scored in the third period.
 O'Meara kicked a field goal from the 20-

yard line, after his team had failed to
 advance the ball through the Latin
 defence.

In the second half the Latin defence
 stiffened, and B. C. High was unable to
 make any substantial gains through the
 line. In the fourth period Latin School
 began to show some life and the brand
 of football it played toward the close of
 the game, if played in the earlier part of
 the game, would have returned our team
 a winner by a comfortable margin. Its
 backs, by straight line rushes and occa-
 sionally skirting the ends for short gains,
 advanced the ball to B. C. H's 8-yard
 line for a first down. On the fourth
 down with 3 yards to go, Samuels, of
 Latin, plugged the line and to all appear-
 ances had put the ball over for a score,
 when, to the amazement of the players,
 the official declared the ball to be three
 inches from the goal, which deprived
 our team of the chance to win the game.
 B. C. High punted out of danger, and
 the ball, being fumbled by a Latin School
 man, was picked up by O'Meara of the
 High School, who scored a touchdown,
 which spelled defeat for our team. Our
 team now played desperately, but the
 time was too short, and the whistle
 blew with the ball in Latin's possession
 on B. C. H.'s 30-yard line.

The sins of omission, and commission,
 of which both teams were guilty, were
 many. Except in the fourth period,
 Latin failed to play its game. The loss
 of Capt. Ellis and Kiley was keenly
 felt. The game was cleanly played, and
 the best of good feeling prevailed.

When we recall the fact that the Bos-
 ton College High School coach is an old
 Latin School boy, who in the past years
 has given his time and services for the
 benefit of Latin School teams, and, in
 a way, is a product of Mr. O'Brien's
 coaching, the defeat handed us by his
 team loses much of its sting.

Latin School Register 11

We congratulate Leo Daley on the success of his team. The lineup:—

B. C. H. LATIN
 Morley l. e. r. e. Malley
 McCullough l. t. . . . r. t. Kelley, Mutrie
 J. McDonald l. g. r. g. Donovan
 Chisholm, Doyle c. c. Cleary
 Murray, Williams, Carroll r. g.
 l. g. Berman, Stuart, Scheffreen
 Doyle, Murray r. t. l. t. Phinney
 Cavanaugh, W. McDonald, Melley r. e. .
 l. e. J. Doherty, Ryan, Gorman, Collins
 Farrell q. b. . . . q. b. Campbell, Samuels
 Cassell, Higgins l. h. b.
 r. h. b. Weiner, Hurley, Samuels
 Carroll, O'Meara r. h. b.
 l. h. b. Johnstone
 Wilson f. b. f. b. R. Doherty

Score—Boston College High 9, Boston Latin 3. Touchdown—O'Meara. Goals from field—Malley, O'Meara. Umpire—J. Crowley. Referee—B. Woodlock. Head linesman—A. J. Rooney. Time—10 m. periods.

* * *

MEDFORD 0 LATIN 0

On Saturday, October 18, Boston Latin played Medford High on the latter's grounds. Neither team was able to score, though Latin had the better of the contest. After the unsatisfactory showing of the team in the Hyde Park and Boston College High games, the Latin team staged a comeback which augurs well for the team's chances in the Boston High School games. Medford High is always a formidable contender for the championship of the Suburban League, and this year's team is no exception. While the outcome was in a way unsatisfactory, in that neither team was able to score, the consensus of opinion was that our team outplayed Medford. Medford resorted to a kicking game, which was rendered ineffective by our wonderful backfield de-

fence. Neither team could gain consistently. The Latin forwards solved Medford's attack and stopped the backs in their tracks. Finding its advance repeatedly stopped, Medford attempted to gain ground by forward passes, which were invariably beaten to the ground by our secondary defence.

Near the close of the first half, a Latin player fumbled the ball and a Medford player recovered it. The ball was put in play on Latin's five-yard line. Latin's defence was equal to the occasion and prevented a score.

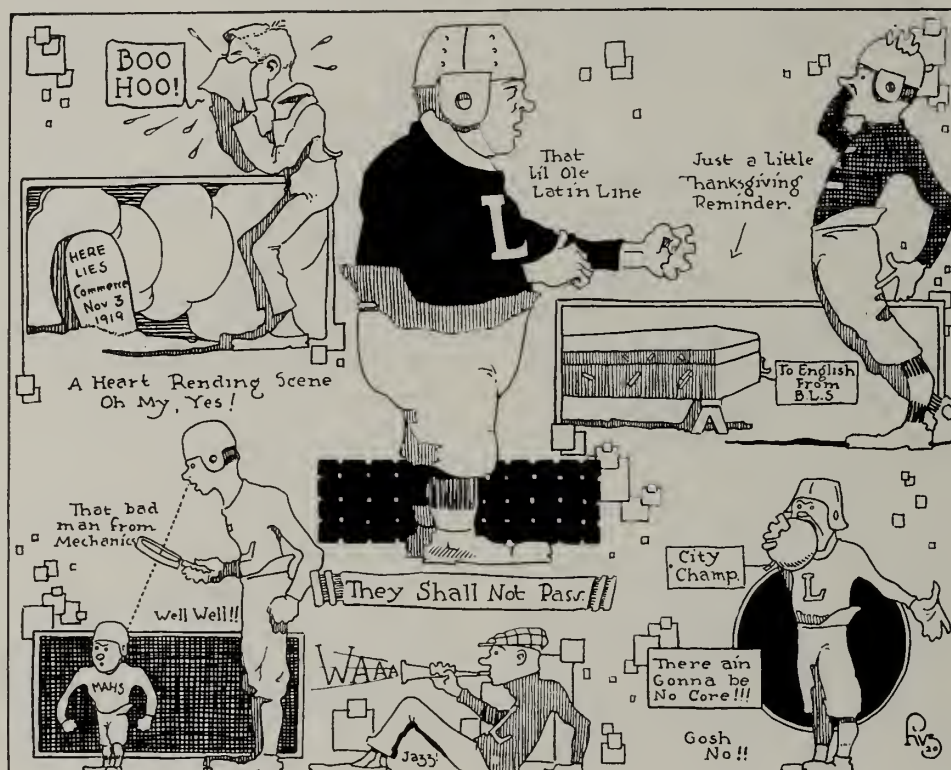
In the third period the conditions were reversed. With the ball in her possession on Medford's twelve-yard line, Latin was unable to put it over for a score.

Both teams fumbled at times and played ragged football. Throughout the game both teams played hard and clean football.

A feature of Latin's play was a beautiful forward pass, Samuels to Hurley, which covered thirty yards.

Berry, right guard, was a tower of strength in Medford's line. Gaffey, Prior, and Briggs also played well for our opponents. Donovan, Samuels, Campbell, O'Neil and Bruen played well for us, while Phinney continued to play his usual strong game at tackle. On account of an injury, Captain Ellis was unable to play. The lineup:—

MEDFORD LATIN
 Brooks, Marshall l. e. r. e. O'Neil
 McGoldrick l. t. r. t. Donovan
 Sleeper, Pierson l. g. r. g. Berman, Stuart
 Briggs c. c. Cleary
 Berry r. g. l. g. Scheffreen, Bruen,
 McMillan, R. Doherty
 Prior r. t. l. t. Phinney
 Ritchie, O'Leary, Creedon r. e.
 l. e. Hurley
 Cass, Jackson, Gaffey q. b.
 q. b. Campbell, Ryan



Gaffey, Leverone l.h.b. r.h.b. Samuels
Blair r. h. b. l. h. b. Johnstone
Graves, Vaughn, McKenna f. b.
. f. b. Weiner.

Score—Medford 0, Latin 0. Referee—
Mahoney. Umpire—Swift. Linesman
—McCabe. Time— 4 10 m. periods.
Attendance—2500.

* * *

WEYMOUTH HIGH 0 LATIN 6

On October 25, our team journeyed to Weymouth to play the local high school team. The outcome was very unsatisfactory, though the final score was 6 to 0 in our favor. Latin underestimated the playing ability of the Weymouth team and failed to play the brand of football of which it is capable. It is very difficult to understand how Latin, with every position filled by first string players, should be guilty of playing such a listless game. Over-confidence, with

a desire to save themselves for the more strenuous games to come, is the only explanation which can be offered for the exhibition given by the Latin players.

While Weymouth had a good team, so far as suburban high schools go, it was very evident, from the fact that the ball was for the greater part of the time in her territory, that, had the Latin players extended themselves a little, they could have run up a larger score.

The lineup:—

LATIN	WEYMOUTH H.
J. Doherty l. e. r. e. Procter	
McMillan l. t. r. t. Haviland	
Bruen, Hailparn l. g. r. g. Keene	
Cleary c. c. E. Rand	
Donovan r. g. l. g. Bicknell	
Phinney r. t. l. t. Palmer	
Hurley r. e. l. e. Coffey, Chase	
Campbell, Samuels q.b. . . . q. b. Shields	
R. Doherty l. h. b. . . . r. h. b. G. Rand	

Latin School Register 13

Ellis, Weiner r. h. b. l. h. b. Nolan
Johnstone f. b. f. b. Boyd

Score—Latin 6, Weymouth 0. Touchdown—Johnstone. Referee—Dr. Burnett, Yale. Umpire—Davis. Head linesman—O'Brien, Harvard. Time—8 and 10 m. periods.

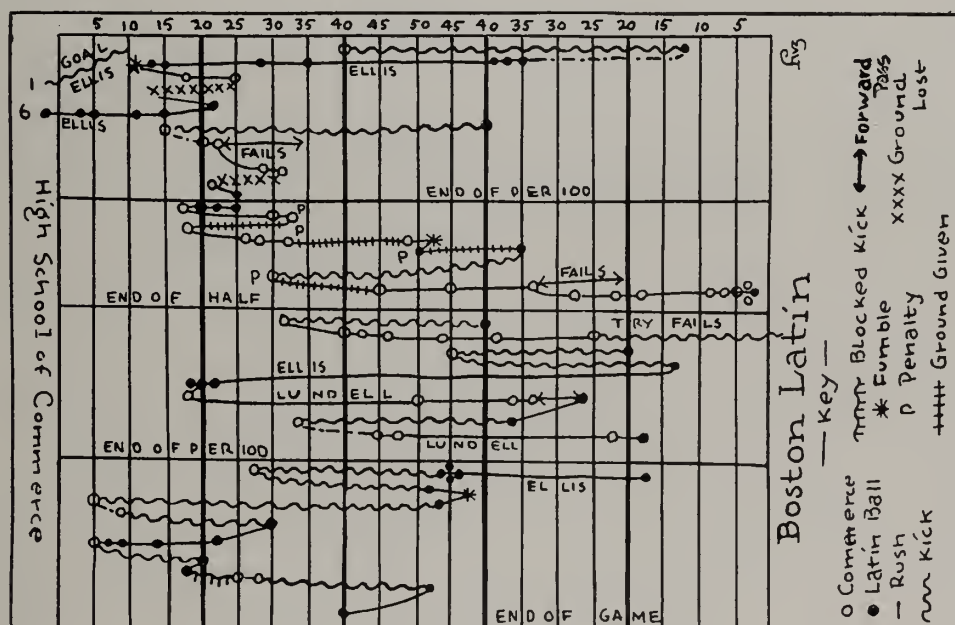
H. S. of C. 0

LATIN 7

On November third, at Fenway Park, under a sky that threatened to burst into weeping at the slightest provocation, a mighty battle was fought. The spheres crashed, fur flew, leather smacked, and altogether it was a nice zippy tussle. Both teams were evenly matched, but by good interference Latin came out at the large end of the horn with a nice respectable touchdown, and a win over the Fenway cohorts to add to her fast growing list of victories. Ellis was the star of the performance, and he was ably supported by Johnstone, R. Doherty, and a stonewall line. Commerce was given several chances to score, but the

Latin line could not be pierced, and their attacks shattered like waves on the New England coast. Lundell and Porter were the shining lights of Commerce. A lot of credit is due these two for their brilliant playing, but they lacked the backing of the team behind them. Samuels and Berman displayed rare form. Twice Samuels cut off almost certain touchdowns for Commerce by neat tackling, and Berman was right there in finding holes. To him the Commerce line must have looked like a fence with most of the slats off.

Latin made the only score of the game early in the first period. Long runs by Ellis and hammer blows at the Commerce line smashed the ball thru. At the close of the second period Commerce gave the stands a thrill, when they brought the ball to Latin's 3-yard line, but by herculean efforts on the part of Latin, Commerce failed to push it across the last white line. A lateral



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pass in the third period on the part of Latin was the feature of the game. Three times the ball changed hands, winding up with Ellis on the end. This went for almost seventy yards. The last half was considerable of a punting duel with Ellis again taking the honors. Commerce fought hardest in the third period. Three times they appeared dangerous, but were always stopped at the critical moment.

H. S. OF C.

LATIN

Shaw r. e.
l. e. J. Doherty, O'Neil, Gorman, Glickman, Ryan
Stair r. t. l. t. Phinney
Roberts, Muturo r. g.
l. g. Kelley, Scheffreen, McMillan, Bruen
O'Brien c. c. Cleary
Woods l. g. r. g. Berman
Beardsley l. t. r. t. Donovan
Sullivan, Creelman l. e. r. e. Hurley
Herlihy, Kramer q. b. q. b. Samuels
Fay r. h. b. l. h. b. Ellis (Capt.)
Porter (Capt.) l. h. b. r. h. b. Johnstone
Lundell f. b. f. b. R. Doherty

Score—Boston Latin 7, High School of Commerce 0. Touchdown—Ellis. Goal from touchdown—Ellis. Referee—J. J. Hallahan. Umpire—Fred Burleigh. Head Linesman—H. Butterfield. Time—Four 12 m. periods.

* * *

QUINCY HIGH 6

LATIN 27

The game with the Quincy High School team, played on the latter's grounds on November 7, gave Coach O'Brien the opportunity, which, no doubt, he has been looking for, to try out his substitutes. Early in the game, Latin secured a safe lead; so our coach replaced the first string players with substitutes so that nearly every member of the team was given a chance to show his worth.

Early in the first period by the wonderful skirting of the ends, and rushing, Latin scored the first touchdown. In the second period another touchdown was scored by Hurley, who received a forward pass from Samuels. In the third period, Johnstone made the spectacular run of the day, when he skirted Quincy's left end for 45 yards and a touchdown. Latin scored again in the fourth period through the plunging, and skirting of the ends by Johnstone, Doherty, and Weiner.

Quincy High's touchdown came in the third period when Davis, quarterback, received a punt and ran 38 yards for a touchdown.

Captain Ellis was unable to play, and Latin missed his leadership. Johnstone, Doherty, and Samuels excelled for us; Jenkins, Young, and Leavitt for Quincy. The lineup:—

LATIN

QUINCY

Hurley l. e. r. e. Jenkins
Donovan, l. t. r. t. Wentworth
Berman, Scheffreen l. g.
..... r. g. Shaw, Houlihan
Cleary, A. Hill c. c. Roberts
McMillan, Bruen r. g. l. g. Shannon
Stuart, Hailparn r. t.
..... l. t. Holden, Bennett
Gorman, O'Neil, Glickman r. e.
..... l. e. Young
Samuels, Campbell q. b. q. b. Davis
Johnstone, Rooney l. h. b.
..... r. h. b. Mularkey, Brogoilli
Weiner r. h. b. l. h. b. Curtis
Doherty f. b. f. b. Leavitt, Shaw

Score—Boston Latin 27, Quincy 6. Touchdowns—Johnstone 2, Samuels, Hurley, Davis. Goals from touchdowns—Doherty 3. Umpire—Burke. Referee—A. J. Woodlock. Head linesman—Abbott. Time—Three 10m., one 5 m. periods.

The Letter

By Hellmuth Strauss

ON THE fifteenth day of July, 1918, about three o'clock in the morning, Jim Hurly could have been seen stealthily climbing through the open window of an imposing looking mansion in one of our greatest cities.

"Hst!" whispered Jim to a man below him, who was hardly distinguishable against the dark colored brick, "I hear someone moving around; do you?"

"No, go on in," replied the man in a heavy, deep-throated whisper, "we got to have those papers marked 'R. H.' or it will be up to us to save our skins."

Being thus assured, Jim stealthily entered the room and found himself in an excellently furnished library. He flashed his light here and there until he found what he was looking for, an iron safe pushed far into a deep recess in the wall.

Jim's skillful fingers were soon at work on the combination and it was only two or three minutes before the safe door swung wide open and laid its contents bare before his eyes. A gasp of dismay almost broke forth from Jim's mouth, for the safe was empty with the exception of an envelope. Eagerly picking up the envelope, he examined the address and its first three words made his heart leap for joy, for they read "Mr. Robert Harrington."

"Thank God, I've got them," he whispered to himself as he rose and left as stealthily as he had come in.

On the same night Mrs. Harrington waited in vain for her husband to come home from the club. Growing more and more nervous lest something should have happened to him, as he never stayed out later than twelve and it was now almost one, Mrs. Harrington could endure the suspense no longer as she saw the minute

hand slowly creep nearer and nearer one. At last, distraught by fear, she eagerly called up his club and received the answer that Mr. Harrington had left the club for his home at half-past ten. Keeping her presence of mind wonderfully, she immediately called up the Chief of Police and told him that something must have befallen her husband, as he had not yet returned home though he had left the club at half-past ten.

The Chief was all attention as soon as he heard that it was the wife of the famous inventor and promised to look into the matter immediately.

Meanwhile let us see what was detaining Mr. Harrington. It was about quarter of eleven when he, while going down a side street on his way home from the club, was suddenly confronted by the shining muzzle of a revolver uncomfortably near his head.

"What's the meaning of this?" angrily exclaimed he.

"Never you mind, just do as you're told and you'll be all right," answered his assailant; "now walk into that door yonder," and he pointed to the door of an imposing house.

Mr. Harrington, thinking that it was better to do as he was told than to be shot, complied with the order and entered the spacious doorway. While walking up the steps he, unnoticed by his captor, dropped his handkerchief on the bottom step, thinking that it might aid him in capturing the thief if he ever escaped. As soon as they had entered the doorway, Mr. Harrington became aware of another man who accosted him as follows:

"Now, sir, where is the paper giving the location to your secret mine?"

Utterly taken aback, Mr. Harrington could do nothing more than look at the speaker.

"Well, sir, we must either have that paper or we will force you to tell us. You may choose the alternative you desire but we must have its location."

"So that's what your after, is it? Well, it's with lawyer Harding a——"

Hardly were these words out of his mouth before he was struck from behind and lost all consciousness.

"Easy, now!" commanded the ring-leader, "take him upstairs into the chamber and don't forget to tie him tight." Thus commanded, the two men did as they were told and took Mr. Harrington upstairs and left him in a chair until he should return to consciousness.

Thus on the morning of the 16th the whole city was shocked at the disappearance of Mr. Harrington in its very center. The papers also stated that a handkerchief, which was supposed to belong to him, had been found on the doorstep of a wealthy and prominent banker, and although his house had been searched from top to bottom, no trace of Mr. Harrington had been found. The city was still more shocked when in the evening the papers brought forth the news that Mr. Harrington's lawyer had also been robbed of some very valuable papers which, it was said, Mr. Harrington prized above everything else.

On the same day, and in the very same house in which Mr. Harrington was kept captive, five men were eagerly discussing the contents of an envelope marked "R. H."

These five men, although they had the appearance of wealth and aristocracy, were the five most looked-for men in the United States; for, although anyone seeing them in the street would take them for respectable men, yet they were the leaders of the most notorious

crime club in the country and for the past four years had kept the police baffled while carrying on their work of crime. They were standing in a splendidly furnished room, although there were no windows in the room and the entire illumination was furnished by artificial light.

"Now, as I said before," the taller of the five men said, "R. Harrington being out of the way, the field is clear for us to reap the benefits of his labor."

"But," spoke up another dressed in a dark blue suit and having altogether a very imposing appearance, "are we sure that he is out of the way?"

"That," answered the first speaker, "can best be proved by my showing him to you."

Without further ado the speaker pressed slowly on the eyes of one of the many pictures in the room and almost immediately the whole room started rising like a huge elevator. After they had been going up for what seemed ages but in reality was not more than a few seconds, the room came to a sudden stop. Reaching up and pressing the knob on the bottom of the chandelier the tall man said, "Now, gentlemen, you will see whether or not we can safely say that Harrington is out of our way." Before their eyes a large panel in the side of the room slid back, and there, looking at them in astonishment, was Harrington tied hand and foot.

"Well, Harrington," said the leader, "how do you like being tied up?"

"Oh," answered Harrington, "I rather like it,—a change from the ordinary."

"Rather cool, isn't he?" said the leader; "well, you won't like it by the time we get through with you; I think we'd better leave you to your lonesome; be good."

Entering the moving room again, the five men disappeared from sight and

left Harrington dazed as to the meaning of their visit. When they reached the lower floor again, they were met by another man who said, "Well, did you see the captive upstairs?"

"Yes, Jim," answered the one spoken to, "but did you read the letter which you and Henry got after he told us where it was last night?"

"No," answered Jim, "let's see it."

The letter was handed to him and his eyes bulged as he read and saw no mention of the secret mine.

"Huh, this must be a fake," he grunted "but what shall we do, force it fr——"

A loud crash at the front door prevented him from completing his sentence and, drawing revolvers, they rushed to the door to see what had caused the disturbance.

* * * * *

Let us return to Mr. Harrington in his captivity. After their disappearance, made desperate by their words, he strove vainly to break his bonds by force. Seeing that this was of no avail, he slowly rubbed the rope back and forth against an edge of the chair. At last with a superhuman effort he threw off the bonds that tied his hands, after which it was an easy matter for him to untie the ropes around his feet. Cautiously approaching the door, he slowly opened it and peered out into a short corridor. No one being in sight, he crept noiselessly down the corridor but could find no staircase at either end. Thus baffled, he opened the only remaining door besides the one from which he had gone, and to his surprise found the staircase behind it. Walking down the staircase he found to his surprise that it opened onto the street.

Jumping into a passing taxi, he told the driver to drive to police headquarters.

Arriving there, he gave the chief a brief account of his escape, and with a large police force at their back they left for the house from which Harrington had so luckily escaped. The police captain placed his men around the house and extra ones at the door where Harrington had just made his escape. He then went up the steps and, receiving no answer from his repeated knockings, decided to break in the door. It was this crash which had aroused the five criminals, but when they got to the door, seeing that escape was hopeless in that direction, they ran into the moving room and were upstairs in a few seconds. They were astonished beyond all reason when they saw that their captive had made his escape.

"I see now," said Jim, "how it was that those infernal police got on our trail. Well, let's try the hidden stairs."

Running down the stairs they almost collided with the policemen coming up.

"Hands up!" cried one of the policemen and immediately five pairs of hands were thrown in the air.

"It's the station house for you, my hearties," said the sergeant in charge as he called the captain to him.

Mr. Harrington, anxious to find his stolen paper, found himself in a room which looked strangely familiar to him. "Ah!" he said to himself, "this is the room where the men stepped when they appeared so mysteriously." Happening to glance down, he saw at his feet the envelope which he prized so much. Eagerly picking it up, he glanced at it and saw that it still held its secret, for, although it was opened and the paper contained writing, its missive had not been read, for it was written in invisible ink between the lines of the visible letter.



A BRILLIANT TWENTIETH CENTURY IDEA

A bright young student at one of the famous eastern agricultural colleges told me of his plan of raising vegetables on the arid lands in the West. He said: "I would plant a row of vegetables and a row of weeping willows and between the two I would plant a row of onions and next to the onions a row of watermelons." He explained his plan to me in this way:

When the onions grow up they will cause the willows to weep which would irrigate the land and cause the vegetables to grow, and the purpose of the watermelons was to absorb the extra water.

On asking me whether I would advise him to go to the department of agriculture in Washington I advised him as a true friend of his to write.

* * *

Fond Mother: "Jackie is playing in the football match today."

Friend: "How nice! In what position does he play?"

Fond Mother: "Well, I'm not quite sure, but I think he's one of the draw-backs."

* * *

NO FUTURE

"Bein' a sodawater jerker ain't no job for an ambitious young chap these days," remarked Mr. Grubbins.

"How's that?"

"The time has passed when a brisk young feller in that line of business had a chance to develop into a regular bartender."

* * *

ABNORMAL

"These people are not normal."

"What's the matter with them?"

"They told my wife the other day their kid never said anything worth repeating."

* * *

ANYTHING TO PLEASE

Head waiter (after hearing subordinate's complaint) "Yes, yes, I know! But remember that in this hotel the guest is always right."

Waiter: "And he also said that the salad wasn't fit for a hog."

Head waiter (fiercely): "Then take it back and get him some that is."

* * *

The Spieler: "Take a bus and see New York."

The Gob: "Aw, join th' navy and see the woid."

(Continued on page 20)

Latin School Register 19

SCHOOL NOTES

(Continued from page 7)

Dr. Byron Groce, in charge of English in this school for thirty-three years, visited it on November 12, 1919. He was joyfully greeted by masters and pupils. He is soon to go to Florida where he will spend the winter. The best wishes of the school go with him for a pleasant season.

* * *

John J. Hurlihy, '18, Casey '15, and Campbell '19, are at the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

* * *

Two former Latin School boys were recently elected to the State Legislature. They are: Samuel B. Finkel, '06, and Walter Shuebruk, '98.

* * *

Elias Field, major, judge advocate, U. S. A., who has been stationed in Bordeaux, France, since April, 1918, was discharged from the service last July, and has resumed the practice of law in Boston. He graduated from this school in 1900.

* * *

The orchestra has started its meetings for this year. Muchnick of Room 3 is Secretary. Here is a fine chance for the boys of the school to get excellent orchestra instruction. There is an especially urgent need for wind instruments. Let every boy who can play any instrument join the orchestra and make this a successful year indeed!

* * *

Captain Trevor W. Swett B. L. S. '11, Harvard '15, has been appointed military attache to the American mission to Poland. At the beginning of the war, he went to Plattsburg and subsequently entered the regular army. He was twice wounded at Soissons on July 18, 1918, and for his gallantry at that time he was awarded the Croix de Guerre.

On October 14 last, another of our prominent alumni, Rev. Dr. Bumstead, passed away, after a long lifetime of inestimable value along educational lines. He graduated from this school in 1859, and from Yale in 1863. He served in the Civil War with a colored unit, and rose to the rank of major. After the war, he graduated from Andover Theological Seminary, and for three years was pastor of a church in Minneapolis. From there he went to Atlanta University for colored students, of which he became President, and where he devoted his efforts, until his retirement in 1907, to the higher education of the negro.

* * *

The *Register* wishes to congratulate the members of the Class Committee. They are: King, Room 3; Kelly, Room 13; Donovan, Room 11; Bond, Room 12.



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WAS TOO REALISTIC

The critic seemed struck with the picture.

"This snowstorm painting is very fine, indeed," he said to the artist. "It almost makes me feel cold to look at it."

"Yes, it must be realistic," admitted the other. "A fellow got into my studio one day in my absence, looked at the picture, and unconsciously put my fur overcoat on before he went out."

* * *

COMPLIMENTARY

He: "But I asked you, dearest, to keep our engagement a secret for the present."

She: "I couldn't help it. That hateful Miss Oldum said the reason I wasn't married was because no fool had proposed to me, so I up and told her you had."

* * *

A PROBLEM

"In these days of equal rights, men are going to be put to a severe strain in elections."

"How so?"

"As between the opposing candidates, a fellow will have a time deciding whether he will swap his vote for a cigar or a kiss."

EDITORS' PAGE

(Continued from page 6)

Latin, show a little pep!

Don't be one that applauds only when the team is winning. You are as much responsible for a victory on Thanksgiving day as any member on the team, and don't forget it, Latin. If any one makes a fumble, cheer him, make him feel that he couldn't do it again. If a little encouragement goes a long way, then a lot will take us to victory. Make the English rooters sound like a Ford without a horn. If

the team is in a hole, lift them out of it. Push them, shove them, make them take that ball across. "Then it's fight, fight, fight, for we win by might," and noise also. Don't forget the noise, Latin, don't forget the noise!

* * *

It was amusing to note the attitude of some of the morning papers the day after the Commerce—Latin game. We had viewed the game from the sidelines, and were thoroughly convinced that Latin had defeated their opponent, High School of Commerce, but on looking over the aforementioned papers we received a shock. For somehow or other we got the notion that Latin had met defeat. It was Commerce doing this, and the Fenway lads doing that; the losers gaining enough ground to out-score their rivals—we surely thought Latin was always on the go and tearing thru them. Everything contained in their several articles seemed to intimate that Commerce was by far the stronger team, but in an off-hand and condescending manner consented to bestow upon us the victory. We are sure Latin feels grateful for the touchdown, not to Commerce, or to the morning papers, but to Coach O'Brien's remarkable team.

* * *

Several days ago a morning daily accredited Latin with the 1915 Commerce game "won on a fluke." We sincerely hope that there is no thought about this year's game being "won on a fluke"; for according to the newspapers one would think that every hard fought battle won by Latin was gained thru an accident, or someone didn't use the best men, or that so and so, who was out of the game on account of a sprained eyebrow, would have cleaned up the whole Latin team if he had played.

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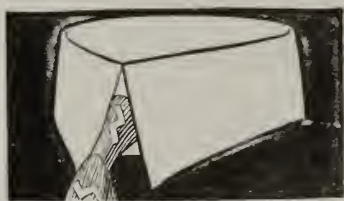
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(Continued from page 5)

noise at the other end of the hall as if some one was coming up the stairs. He sunk quickly into the shadow afforded by the jutting out of the wall. Nearer and nearer the footsteps came. Weston flattened himself as much as possible, pushing back against the wall, when without warning the wall gave way behind him and he fell backwards and partly disappeared into the opening thus made. He quickly dragged himself within and at once the door closed of its own accord. For a moment he was nonplussed. Then he reasoned that he must be in a secret passage way and that while he was pushing back against the wall his body had come in contact with a spring that caused the door to open. Picking himself up he started out to follow the new trail. Fifteen feet further on he came to a flight of steps which he descended. He figured when he had reached the bottom that he must have gone down three stories. Before him was a door. He opened it and peered in cautiously. A vast room lay spread out before him lighted by several dim electric globes. This was the vast arsenal Von Blenheimer had spoken of. Box upon box, barrel upon barrel of ammunition, and there to the left were hundreds of great shells almost as tall as he was. How ghost-like they looked! They seemed twice as large as they really were in the dim light, like some new horrible engine of destruction. To the right he could see a mass of machine guns,—those little demons that spat a stream of fire. Near the center of the room was a man on guard. Fortunately his back was turned and as soon as Weston caught sight of him he slunk back whence he had come. Reclimbing the stairs he opened the panel into the hall and stepped out. Before going to his room he located the spring to the door.

For the next few days plans went on

(Continued on page 24)

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as before. Every night Weston visited the underground arsenal. On his second visit he examined it more closely. It was a veritable underground sea of explosives, enough to blow the house and hill into nothingness. One match, a spark, or even a bullet would convert this sea into a raging volcano.

As Weston was returning from his fourth visit to the arsenal he saw a small door in the secret passage. "Strange I didn't notice this before," he said half aloud, "guess I'll investigate." It yielded to his touch and he found himself in a small room most exquisitely furnished. In one corner was a divan. There were several chairs, and the walls were hung with soft tapestries. As he stepped into the room his feet sunk into the soft rug. He examined the room closely but finding nothing of importance, opened the door and walked out. Just as the door was about to close he heard a panel slide and then the sound of voices. Weston stopped short to listen.

It was the voice of Franz speaking. "Did I not tell you this man was an impostor?"

"Yes, but the New York office says he left on the 1st, and this man arrived exactly on time," Von Blenheimer said. "Let me see the picture again." There was a pause and Weston listened breathlessly. Von Blenheimer ripped out an oath. "You are right, Franz. Operations begin on the morrow and he may have already betrayed us."

"Rest easy, he has been shadowed from the time he gets up until he goes to bed and he has communicated with no one."

"What is to be done with him?"

"Kill him," Franz answered, as easily and lightly as if passing the time of day.

"Well, then, let us not lose a minute," returned Von Blenheimer. "Come!"

(To be continued)

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